

Let Me Make It Up To You

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Summary: Its been almost 6 years since Clarke left Camp Jaha, 5 years since Arcadia joined the Coalition as the 13th clan, 4 years since Clarke was officially declared dead. This is all common knowledge until a rebellion that breaks out in the Ice Nation changes everything.

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You

****Bold=Thoughts****

Italics=Trigedasleng

****Chapter 1****

"May we meet again" That was the last thing I had said, it had been almost a month since I had even seen another human being let alone talked to one. I didn't know where I was or even where I was headed but I just kept walking. Every day I walked until I dropped from exhaustion then when I woke up screaming from nightmares I would get up and start walking again even if it was still night I would walk. Occasionally I would stop to pick some berries or nuts to eat or drink from a stream I happened to cross. When I first left I thought maybe I should just kill myself but then I realized I didn't deserve to die, I deserved to live forever with my nightmares, my guilt, my pain.

I had just stopped at a stream to drink some water when suddenly I found myself on my back on the ground with a knife at my throat and a giant of a man on top of me, he grinned showing me yellow *_teeth* "look what I found the great Wanheda all alone, my leader will reward me greatly if I bring you to him."_ Before I could even attempt to understand what he said. He grabbed a fistful of my hair pulling my into a sitting position before he slammed the butt of his knife into

the left side of my face, causing me to black out.

When I woke I found myself alone in small cell, it was almost completely dark the only light was from the small barred window in the cell door. There was a single fur pelt on the floor in the corner but other than that it was empty. I walked over to the pelt to examine it but I was stopped when I heard loud footsteps outside the cell I froze staring at the door, sure enough a minute later there was a jingling of keys and the door swung open to reveal the same man that knocked me out. Before I could say anything he grabbed me roughly pulling me out the door were he proceeded to take out these crude looking handcuffs and handcuff my hands behind my back.

"Where am I, where are you taking me?" his response was to grab my arm and practically drag me down the hall. Something told me that I wasn't going to like what was at the end of the hall. After about five minutes we stopped in front of a door he opened it and pushed me in before shutting the door behind me. I stumbled from the force he pushed me falling to the ground where I was met with the sight of a pair of boots, looking up I saw there owner a man about 6ft tall very muscular with brown eyes so dark they were almost black, his face was clean shaven, his brown hair was cut short. He would have looked normal, nice even if it weren't for the scars decorating the left side of his face, long, short, thin, wide he had them all. It looked like someone shredded his face.

"Well when Easton told me he had captured Wanheda I thought he was making it up no one has managed to find you in 3 months but seeing you in person I must say I'm surprised someone didn't find you sooner, your nothing but a child in way over her head."

"Why am I here, who are you, where am I?" I asked getting to my feet, he smirked at my questions.

"If you answer one of my questions then I will answer one of yours until we have no more questions, do we have a deal?" I stayed silent he must have taken this as a yes because he continued on to ask me, "How many guns do the sky people have?"

***"Figures he would want to know about all of Camp Jaha's secrets, he's probably reporting back to Lexa or something. Well there's no way I'm telling her anything especially if she plans to attack them."**

"I'll ask again, how many guns do the sky people have? You would be wise to answer me before I lose my patience." He said snapping me out of my thoughts.

Taking a deep breath I looked him dead in the eye and said, "I'm not telling you shit" then I proceeded to spit in his face.

He brought his hand up to wipe the spit off looking at it for a second like he was shocked I had done that. He looked back at me his eyes were impossibly darker and I could practically see the anger in them before he backhanded me across the face. It was the same side that had been hit earlier. I fell to the ground again crying out my face felt like it was on fire. Without even pausing he kicked me point blank in the ribs over and over again until I heard at least one of them snap. He must have heard it to because he kicked one more time before backing up "I told you not to test my patience maybe in a

couple of hours you will feel more willing to share, if not well then our fun has only just begun" he walked over to the door knocking on it once, it was opened immediately "Easton take her back to her cell. Were done, for the moment."

This became a routine, at some unknown time Easton would take me from my cell and drag me to the man whose name I later found out to be Tyrone were he would proceed to ask me questions about the Ark and of course when I refused to answer anything he would beat the shit out of me. At first it was just his fists and feet but then he upgraded to knives, whips, and hammers. When he got tired Easton would carry me back to my cell were I would curl up and pass out. Occasional they would bring in what I can only assume is a healer because he tends to my wounds but he only ever does the bare minimum to keep me alive.

Every time I woke up after getting "interacted" there would be a tray of food next to me this was my only indicator that any time has passed I get a meal every day, I think. The food consisted of nothing but a small bowl of broth with the occasional pieces of meat in it, one piece of stale bread, and a cup of the most disgusting water I had ever tasted.

Easton had just pushed me back into my cell after another session with Tyrone. This time was different from all the other ones this time Tyrone decided to use his body to try and get me to talk, my throat was dry and sore from begging and screaming for him to stop but it didn't matter he just kept going until he had satisfied himself. When the door to my cell had shut I wanted so badly just to cry but I was so exhausted that I couldn't even manage a single tear. I was on the brink of passing out when I heard shouting and the sounds of metal clashing with metal. I tried to get up and look out in to the hall but I could barely lift my head so I just laid there staring at the door. It wasn't long before the sounds of fighting stopped. My door swung open to reveal a woman about my age, average sized, with long brown hair and scars on her face. Behind her was a man tall, athletic build also with long brown hair. I managed to stay awake long enough for the woman to kneel next to me and say "you're safe now."

"Is it normal for her to be asleep this long" I tried to open my eyes to find the owner of the voice that had woken me, but my eyelid's seemed to not want to open. "Her body needs time to heal she will wake when she is ready" this was a different voice. "It has been almost a month, are you sure she is even going to wake" the voice from before it was a woman it sounded vaguely familiar "she will wake, it is not her time to pass on, not yet" this voice was female too but it was older.

My eyes snapped open I remembered that voice it was the woman who came into my cell telling me I was safe. I looked around seeing the woman from my cell next to an older woman she had white hair she was small, wrinkled, her eyes were clouded and unfocused "***she's blind***" I thought but before I could contemplate further the younger of the two noticed me, she rushed to my bed putting her hand on my shoulder keeping me from trying to sit up "lay still, you are very weak" I nodded opening my mouth to ask her where I was but all that managed to come out was a rasping sound. The old woman came up next to her handing her a cup the woman sat me up and brought the cup to my lips. When I had drank it all she laid me back down.

"Were am I?"

"You're in the Ice Nation, a small village in the mountains, I am Ontari.

"You're the one that saved me."

"Yes, Roan and I had been tracking the men that captured you for quite a while, they had taken one of our own it was mere luck that we were able to find and save you as well."

"Who were the people that took me?"

"A small group of raiders, nothing more than thief's and plunders"

A small cough from the old woman had both of us looking at her, she gave Ontari a look and said "_tel em_" (tell her) Ontari nodded before looking back at me "Clarke what do you remember from your time there?"

"Everything" it came out broken and pitiful but it was true I remember every blow that hit my skin, Ontari gave me a sad look before saying something that caused my heart to drop.

"Clarke there is no easy way to say this but when you were unconscious we found out that you are one month pregnant."

Do you think Clarke should have a boy, a girl, two boys, two girls, or one of each? I have a poll for it.

Let me know what you think.

End
file.